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ARMOUR OF THE TIME OF HENRY THE FIFTH,
1413—1422.

THE BATTLE OF AZINCOURT.

AFTER the expiration of a truce with France, Henry the Fifth determined, with the advice of his Council, to prosecute his pretensions to the crown of that kingdom, by virtue of his descent from Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair. He was, at this period, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and the third of his reign. Grave and gentle in his deportment, he mingled a becoming affability with the dignity which belonged to his rank; and the impartiality with which he administered justice to the lowest as well as the highest of his subjects, endeared him to all classes. His piety was sincere; and his attention to devotional exercises constant and fervent.

Henry sailed from Southampton with a fleet of 1600 ships, on the 19th of August, 1415, and landed at Havre de Grace, in Normandy, on the 21st. His army consisted of 36,000 men; 6000 of whom were cavalry, 23,000 archers, and the remainder cannoniers, pioneers, waggoners, sutlers, &c. They were armed with bows, battle-axes, swords, and maces or mallets; and the horsemen, in armour, had lances.

His first attempt was upon Harfleur, a fortified town in Normandy, of considerable strength; it made a vigorous resistance, but capitulated after a short siege. Having secured his conquest by expelling the native inhabitants, and planting an English colony in their stead, the king challenged the Dauphin of France to single combat, but it does not appear that that prince returned any answer to the challenge.

Soon after the surrender of Harfleur, the dysentery broke out in the English army, and made such havoc among the troops, that not more than a fourth part were able to bear arms. The Bishop of Norwich and the Earl of Suffolk died of it; and the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Arundel, and many officers of distinction, were obliged to return to England, accompanied with about 10,000 of the troops, which, with those that had already fallen, reduced the army to about 20,000 men.

The King of France was not idle during these operations. He issued proclamations, calling upon his nobles to collect their vassals and repair to his standard. The prospect of this armament, the bad state of his troops, and the approach of winter, concurred to induce Henry to think of retreating; he resolved, however, not to re-embark at Havre, but at Calais, lest his retreat should appear too much like a flight. Leaving, therefore, 3000 men as a garrison at Harfleur; he set out for Calais, a most difficult and dangerous undertaking; for the French had broken down the bridges, cut up the roads, and destroyed, or removed into the fortified places, all the provisions and forage in their line of march.

On arriving at the Somme, Henry found it rendered impracticable by sharp stakes fixed in the river. All the bridges were destroyed, and the fords guarded by troops, intrenched on the opposite side. The dysentery still preyed upon his army, and, to complete their misfortunes, the king of France sent forward a reinforcement of 14,000 men, and the flower and chivalry of France flocked to the Royal Standard. A council of war was held at Rouen, consisting of the chief nobles of France, at which it was resolved to give the English battle; but being confident of victory, it was determined to allow them to pass the Somme, and to arrest their progress on the road to Calais.

King Henry, with his army, at length passed the river; and soon after he had effected the passage, three Heralds arrived at his camp from the French Princes, offering him battle, and leaving him to choose the time and place. Henry's reply was as follows.

"Mine intent is to do as it pleases God. I will not seek your master at this time, but if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing. If any of your nation once attempt to stop me on my march now to Calais, at their jeopardy be it; and yet wish I not any of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that *I dye your tawny ground with your red blood!*"

Finding, however, that it was not possible to avoid fighting, Henry resolved to prepare for battle, and on the 22nd of October, the French generals sent him word by a herald, that on the Friday following they would give him battle.

During the three days previous to the battle, Henry occupied himself in mingling with his troops, stimulating their courage by the promise of rewards and honours, and reminding them of the glory obtained by their ancestors at the famous battles of Cressy and Poitiers. Such was the effect of his exertions, that both officers and soldiers, far from dreading the approaching conflict, were eager to engage. The day before the battle, David Gam, a Welch captain, having been sent to reconnoitre the enemy, gallantly reported, "There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

The disparity between the two armies, indeed, might well have appalled the bravest hearts. From the best accounts extant, French as well as English, the French army amounted to 150,000 men, 60,000 of whom were horsemen, clad in complete armour, all well armed, well clothed, and well fed; suffering no privations, on their own ground, and at liberty to fight in the most advantageous situation. This army was commanded by almost all the princes and nobles of France, and a vast proportion of the troops were men of quality. So certain were they of victory, that they spent the night before the battle in rejoicing, the officers arranging how to divide the spoil, and the soldiers playing at dice for the prisoners. Some of the princes had procured a sort of chariot, to convey their royal captive, the king of England, in triumph to Paris; and orders were sent to the different towns, to make large preparations to celebrate a glorious victory over the English.

The English army, on the contrary, consisted, at the utmost, of 15,000 men, of whom only 2000 were horse. Nearly all were affected, in some degree, with the dysentery, which inconvenienced them so much, that they actually fought naked from the waist downwards. They were harassed with a tedious march, in bad weather, destitute of provisions, and barely clothed. Hollinshed describes their condition in the following quaint but forcible language. "Rest could they none take, their enemies with alarms did so infest them; daily it rained, and nightly it froze; of fuel there was great scarcity, of fluxes plenty, money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it had they none, &c." So far were they from entertaining sanguine expectations of the victory, that they spent the evening previous to the battle, "in making their peace with God, by confessing their sins, taking the sacrament, and other acts of devotion, as men who looked for certain death on the morrow."

On the 25th of October, the day appointed for the conflict, the two armies were drawn up as soon as it was light. The Constable d'Albret committed on this occasion, one of those blunders which appear the result of infatuation. In taking up his position, he chose a narrow piece of ground, flanked on one side by a rivulet, and on the other by a large wood, thereby sacrificing all the advantages which the superiority of numbers, especially in cavalry, could give him. He divided his army into three bodies, the first of which he commanded him-

self. This line consisted of 8000 horse, 4000 archers, and 1500 crossbow-men: they were flanked by 1200 men on each side, with a flying reserve of 800 men, ready to direct their operations to any point where they might be wanted. In the front were placed 2400 horsemen, all, men and horses, clad in a lobster-like armour, to repel the English archers on the first attack. The second line was commanded by the Duke of Alençon, and the third by the Earl of Merle.

His arrangements being completed, the Constable made a pompous speech to his army, in which, after describing the mighty force of this great armament, and their certainty of victory, he goes on to say, "And on the other side, see a small handful of poor English, who by reason that their victuals is consumed and spent, are by deadly famine sorely weakened, consumed, and almost without spirits; for their force is clearly abated, and their strength utterly decayed, so that ere the battle shall join, they shall for very feebleness be vanquished and overcome, and instead of men you shall fight with shadows. For you must know, that keep an Englishman one month from his warm bed, fat beef, and stale drink, and let him that season taste cold and suffer hunger, you then shall see his courage abated, and his body wax lean and bare. Such courage is in Englishmen when fair weather and victuals follow them, and such weakness when famine and cold trouble them."

When Henry perceived how the French were drawn up, he secretly detached a body of 400 lancers to post themselves out of sight, behind the wood on the left of the field of battle. He also lodged 200 archers on a low meadow on the right, fenced with bushes, and separated from the field by a wide ditch. Then drawing up his army, he could make but two feeble lines, on account of the small number of his troops. Edward, Duke of York, commanded the first; the king put himself at the head of the second; and the rear, consisting of archers, and such as were armed with spears, halberds, and bills, was led by Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, afterwards created Duke of Exeter.

Riding along the front of his army with a golden crown upon his helmet for a crest, and four royal standards near him, and several noble steeds richly caparisoned, but without riders, in his rear, Henry addressed a short but animated speech to his men, exhorting them not to fear a multitude of raw and undisciplined soldiers. "Victory," said he, "dependeth not on numbers but on bravery, and, above all, on God's help! in which I charge you to place all your trust. For myself, I do declare, that England shall never be charged with my ransom, nor any Frenchman triumph over me as their capture; for, either by famous death or glorious victory, will I, by God's grace, win honour and fame." Hearing one of his host express to another a wish "that there were with them then as many good soldiers, as were at that time within England," he immediately replied, "I would not wish a man more here than I have. We are, indeed, in comparison with the enemy, but a few: but if God, of his clemency, do favour us and our just cause, as I trust he will, we shall speed well enough."

At this period a herald approached with an insulting message from the French Princes, to know what Henry intended to offer for his ransom! Despising this mean gasconade, he replied calmly, "that a few hours would show whose care it would be to provide ransom."

[To be concluded.]

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

THE Mariner's Compass is an object not only of great curiosity, but also of extreme importance, when considered with regard to the interests, the security, or the wants of mankind. Up to the period of the discovery of the extraordinary natural properties of the Loadstone, or MAGNET, and the applicability of those properties to practical purposes, the science of Navigation was difficult, dangerous, and confined within narrow bounds. The ancient mariner, whose only guides upon the trackless waters were the heavenly bodies, the aid of which was uncertain, (concealed as they often were by clouds, or rendered difficult of observation by storms and tempests,) could not venture far from the land, and his voyages were therefore necessarily slow and short, but requiring much time and patience. By the aid of the Compass, the navigator can now range the most distant and unfrequented seas, with perfect security as to his course, and with certainty that he shall in due time arrive at the place of his destination. By means of the Compass, was the New World, among many other important discoveries, made known to the inhabitants of the old; and by its aid, is the intercourse between the most distant parts of the globe maintained, so that the productions of various regions have become objects of familiar interchange.

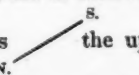
The inventor of the Mariner's Compass is not known, and the exact date of its introduction is also matter of doubt. It was employed in Europe in navigation about the middle of the thirteenth century, and has therefore been in use for more than five hundred years. The Chinese are said to have been acquainted with it much earlier, but no reliance can be placed upon their dates. The power of the loadstone to attract iron was known to the ancient Egyptians, but was not by them applied to any practical purpose.

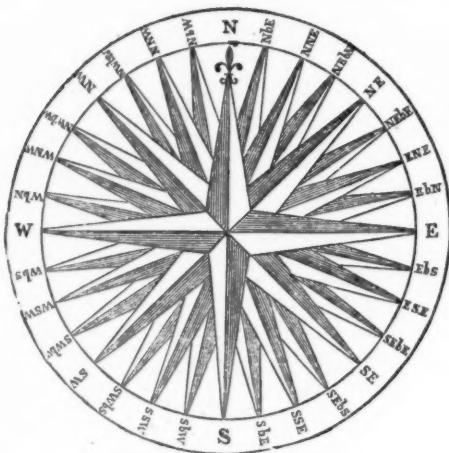
Before describing the Mariner's Compass, it is necessary to explain a few of the phenomena of Magnetism, from which its power and usefulness are derived.

The only natural Magnet with which we are acquainted is the Loadstone, a mineral of a dark iron-gray colour, approaching to black, found in great abundance in the iron-mines of Sweden, in some parts of the East, in America, and sometimes, though rarely, among the iron-ores of England. There is a property peculiar to this substance, namely, that of attracting iron, which it draws into contact with its own mass and holds firmly attached, by its own power of attraction.

A piece of Loadstone drawn several times along a needle, or small piece of iron, converts it into an Artificial Magnet. If this magnetized needle be then carefully balanced, so as to move easily on its centre, it will voluntarily turn round, until one of its ends points towards the North; and, if removed from this direction, will, when left at liberty, invariably return to the same point. The magnetised needle also possesses the power of attracting iron, and of communicating this power to another piece of iron or steel, similar to that of the Loadstone itself, in proportion to the intensity of the magnetic property which has been imparted to it.

The magnetic power can also be imparted to iron or steel, without the intervention of either a natural or artificial magnet. If a bar of steel or iron is held in a

slanting direction, thus  the upper end of the bar S leaning to the south, and the other end N, to the north, and while in this position it is struck



CARD OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

smartly at the lower end with a hammer, the bar itself resting against an anvil or other piece of iron, it will be found to possess the properties of a magnet, and if nicely balanced upon its centre, the end N will swing round until it points to the north.

Another very curious property is this. If the end of a needle pointing to the north, be brought near to the end of a second needle, pointing in the same direction, they will move away from each other; but if the north end of one is brought near to the south end of the other, they will be mutually attracted and approach each other. That end of the magnet which points to the north, is said to be its *north-pole*, and the opposite is called its *south-pole*.

The magnetic power can be given to either iron or steel: iron receives it more readily, but very soon parts with it; steel on the contrary is not so easily magnetized, but when once that end is gained, it becomes a permanent magnet. The powers of either a natural or artificial magnet may be destroyed in several ways; by a red heat, by a stroke of lightning, or even by being laid by in an injudicious position.

These are a few of the principal laws of the power called Magnetism, but the cause of this power we may never be able to discover. The most plausible theory is, that the earth itself contains, or is in fact, an enormous magnet; that one of its magnetic poles is situated somewhere in the north, and the other in the south. The principle on which the Mariner's Compass is formed may, from a knowledge of the above facts, be easily understood.

A magnet made like the hand of a clock, with that end which points to the north shaped like the head of an arrow, is carefully balanced on a steel point, and placed inside a circular box and to this is attached a card, on which the divisions of NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, and WEST, (or, as they are called, the *points of the compass*;) are printed, and which is made to go round along with the needle. By simply looking at the position of the needle, the mariner can see the direction in which the vessel is sailing, and regulate his steering accordingly.

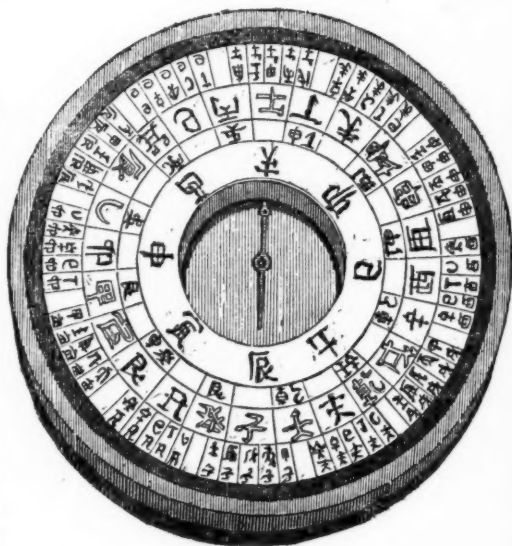
About the middle of the sixteenth century, it was discovered that the needle did not point directly to the north, but that its direction was somewhat to the east of that point, and this has since been called the *variation of the compass*. To account for this, it was supposed that the magnetic pole of the earth did not coincide with that of the axis on which the globe itself turned. Subsequent observations appear to have confirmed this theory, and the northern magnetic pole is supposed to be situated in the north-west extremity of Baffin's Bay.

Captain Parry, in his voyage of discovery to the North Seas, discovered that when he had passed to the north of a certain spot, to the westward of Hudson's Strait, the needle, which had previously been varying to an extreme degree, absolutely went half round the compass, away from its proper direction towards the north; that is, the north pole pointed due south, and this continued to be the case until he had sailed considerably further north. Whether this powerful local attraction had any reference to the real magnetic pole, further observations will perhaps determine.

A very remarkable circumstance attends the variation of the compass, and the cause of it has hitherto eluded the researches of philosophers.

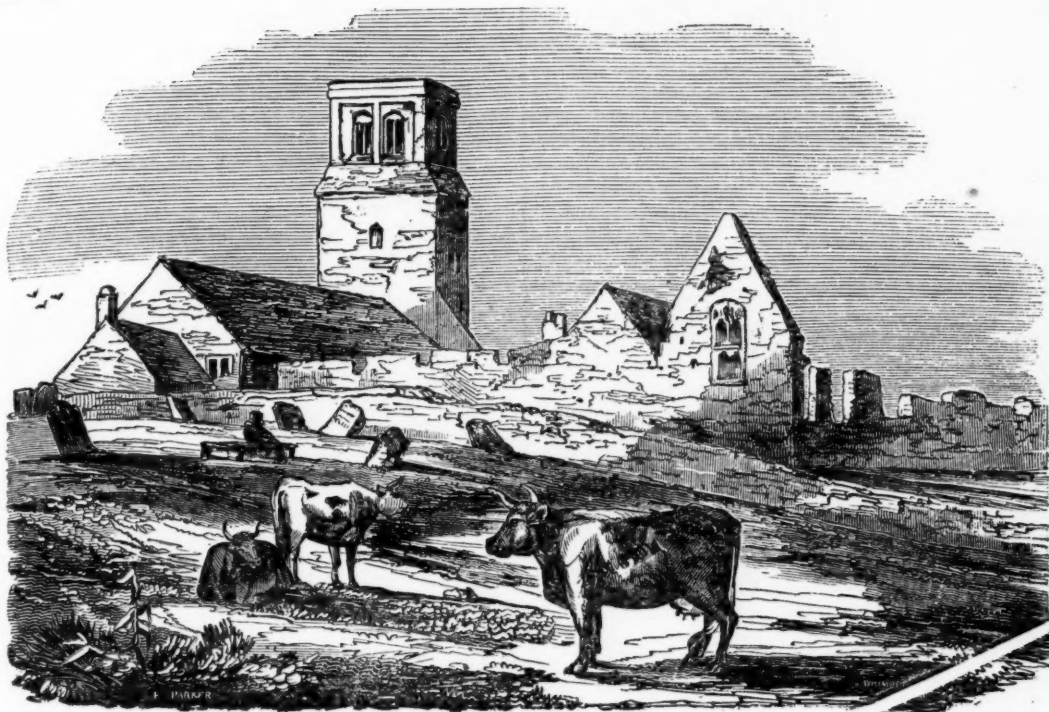
When it was first noticed, the magnetic needle in London pointed some degrees to the east of the true north; this variation gradually became less, till at length, in the year 1660, it agreed with the north pole of the earth: it then gradually began to vary to the west, till in the year 1828, the variation amounted to nearly twenty-five degrees; since that time it has decreased, being, at present, about twenty-four degrees of a circle of three hundred and sixty.

The following engraving is a representation of the compass now in use among the Chinese. The inner circle represents the four Cardinal Points, North, East, South and West, and four intermediate points, North-East, South-East, South-West, and North-West. These eight points are all that in former times were marked upon this useful instrument; but, at present, the compass employed in Europe indicates with much greater accuracy the variations in the course of a ship, as may be seen by referring to our engraving of the card of the common compass. The needle of the Chinese seldom exceeds an inch in length; that of the nations of Europe is frequently as much as six inches long. The numerous characters upon the Chinese card, refer not only to the points of the compass, but to the seasons of the year, the days of the month, and the hours of the day, forming as it were a kind of almanack; on this account it is a very common pocket-companion on land as at sea.



CHINESE COMPASS.

PROFANE SWEARING is properly a superfluity of naughtiness, and can only be considered as a sort of pepper-corn rent, in acknowledgment of the devil's right of superiority.
—ROBERT HALL.



JARROW CHURCH, DURHAM.

JARROW, anciently called *Gyrwy*, about half a mile south of the river Tyne, and two miles from South Shields, was formerly a place of importance, though now consisting only of a few cottages, an ancient church, and the ruins of a monastery. The latter was founded about the year 684, by the abbot Benedict Biscopius, who had before built the monastery of Monk Wearmouth, and who is said to have been the first person that brought the art of making glass into England. Indeed, Monk Wearmouth was distinguished as being the earliest glazed church in this country; before this time, the windows were either latticed, or, at best, filled up with fine linen cloth stretched upon frames of wood.

The monastery of Jarrow suffered frequently by fire, and through the violence of the Danes; at the Norman conquest, the church was but a poor thatched hovel, made up of old walls, with a roof of unhewn timber. Bishop Walcher, however, who had been presented to the See of Durham, by William the First, assisted in restoring the ruined monastery. He bestowed upon it several neighbouring manors, and excited some monks of Munkchester, (now Newcastle,) to take up their residence in his diocese, Munkchester being then included in the jurisdiction of the Earl of Northumberland. The monastery being thus established, and afterwards much increased, both in revenues and numbers, a division took place among the brethren, and Bishop William de Carlepho, Walcher's successor, removed the inmates of the establishment to Durham, when it became only a cell to that monastery.

Jarrow monastery was dedicated to St. Paul, and the monks were of the Benedictine order. The remains, which do not betoken any great extent of the ancient building, are situated on an eminence. The Church appears, from the situation of the tower, to have been in the form of a cross, but it has been so frequently dilapidated, that it is difficult to decide this with any degree of accuracy. Various and strange are the traditions respecting this place, among which are these: "That it was never dark in

Jarrow Church; and that the windows were of horn instead of glass," arising, perhaps, from some notion concerning the introduction of glass by Benedict.

The present structure is part of the ancient building connected with a portion restored in 1783. In the wall is an old inscription on a stone, recording the dedication of the church in the reign of Egfrid king of Northumberland. But that which is esteemed the greatest curiosity connected with Jarrow Church, is an ancient oak chair of a rude form, preserved in the vestry, and reported to have been that of *BEDE*. This great man, whose talents and virtues procured him the name of *the Venerable Bede*, was born, if not at Jarrow, in its neighbourhood, in 672, and was educated in the monastery at Monk Wearmouth. Instead of yielding to ease and indolence, he led a laborious though retired life, and exerted his talents not only for the benefit of the brethren with whom he was associated, but of society at large. "He was a man," says William of Malmesbury, "that although born in an extreme corner of the world, yet the light of his learning spread over all parts of the earth. He divided his time between study and his devotions." The works of Bede are numerous; but his *Ecclesiastical History* is most known, and forms a lasting record of affairs relating to the church. The collections he made for the latter work were the produce of many years' toil, a labour scarcely to be conceived by modern authors, considering the means they possess of gaining information. As might be expected in the writings of times like those, there is much of curious legend, and sometimes too great an exactness of description in trifling matters: but, making allowances in these points, it is wonderful that in so rude an age, and during a life of no considerable length, Bede should have composed so much and so well. He died in 735, aged sixty-two, and was buried in the church at Jarrow, but being afterwards canonized, he was enrolled in the Romish calendar of saints; and his relics were removed to Durham, and placed in the same coffin or chest with those of St. Cuthbert.

SIR ALEXANDER BALL was one of those great men who adorned our navy at the end of the last century. Though less known, perhaps, to the present generation, than several of his contemporaries, he was inferior to none of them; and, in many respects, it would be difficult to name his equal. To bravery, decision, and energy, he added a sound judgment, a meditative mind, and the most unwearied benevolence. The following anecdotes are from the pen of his friend, the poet Coleridge. In a large party at the Grand Master's Palace, in Malta, I had observed a naval officer, of distinguished merit, listening to Sir A. Ball whenever he joined in the conversation, with a mixed expression of awe and affection, that gave a more than common interest to so manly a countenance. This officer afterwards told me that he considered himself indebted to Sir Alexander for that which was dearer to him than his life. "When he was Lieutenant Ball," said he, "he was the officer I accompanied in my first boat-expedition, being then a midshipman, and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered by fear, and seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed towards the enemy, pressed my hand in the most friendly manner, and said in a low voice, 'Courage, my dear boy, you will recover in a minute or so; I was just the same when I first went out in this way.' Sir," added the officer to me, "it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling that I was not yet dishonoured, the whole burden of agony was removed; and, from that moment, I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew."

For some time a coldness existed between Lord (then Captain) Nelson and Captain Ball. When both their ships were together close off Minorca, Nelson's vessel was nearly disabled by a violent storm, and Captain Ball took it in tow, and used his best endeavours to bring her into Port Mahon. Nelson, believing that both ships would be lost, requested Captain Ball to let him loose, and on his refusal became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Captain Ball then took a speaking-trumpet and calmly replied, "I feel confident that I can bring you in safe; I, therefore, must not, and, by the help of Almighty God, I will not, leave you!" What he promised he performed; and after they were safely anchored, Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with all the ardour of acknowledgment, exclaimed, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." This was the beginning of a firm and perfect friendship between these two great men. —COLERIDGE'S *Friend*.

SWARTZ.—It was in compliance with Hyder Ali's request, that Swartz was sent to him to treat of peace. Hyder's message was in these words to the Council at Madras: "Do not send me any of your agents, for I do not trust their words or treaties; but, if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the Missionary, of whose character I hear so much from every one; him will I receive and trust."

IN one of the Newcastle Collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death. One of the boys was found dead with a Bible by his side, and a tin-box, such as colliers use; within the lid he had contrived to engrave with the point of a nail this last message to his parent and brother: "Fret not, my dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother."

"ENVY, hatred, malice," and all other malignant passions, as sources of madness, scarcely need be touched upon; indeed, the intellect is half gone, before the individual can be brought to the indulgences of these corroding excitements. I am not a disciple of Owen. I verily think that life without passion were a sorry existence indeed,—a Chinese landscape, without proportion or perspective, light or shadows; but I am enthusiast enough to suppose, that a gradual improvement is coming to be effected upon society at large, by a growing conviction, that to envy, and hate, and destroy our fellow-men, is not only unchristian but unmeaning. —UWINS on *Mental Disorders*.

AN excellent father of our Church gives us this rule; "Always in a case of doubt, choose the side which you find least agreeable."

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower.
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower.
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.
Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
No endless night, nor yet eternal day.
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are averse,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, born in 1560

THE sun, in its course, awakens Christians to the duties of prayer and praise. And thus the holy fire of the church's devotion never expires. As weariness and sleep steal over the worshippers of one quarter of the world, others are rising refreshed, to take up the heavenly exercise, and to join in their turn in the unceasing adoration of angels, and of the spirits of the just made perfect. Let the Christian who wastes the best hours of the day in his bed, reflect that while he is thus indolent, others are celebrating the praises of God, and pouring forth their prayers in behalf of the church of Christ, and the whole family of mankind. Who, then, would be last in the heavenly work? Who would indulge his laziness, by remaining late in his bed, while his next-door neighbour, may be, is on his knees in prayer; and the same Father who sees the sinner's indolence, hears also the supplications of the diligent?

I WILL never more call that sinner prosperous, who after he hath been permitted to finish his business, shall die and perish miserably; for at the same rate, we may envy the happiness of a poor fisherman, who, while his nets were drying, slept upon the rock and dreamt that he was made a king, on a sudden starts up, and leaping for joy, falls down from the rock, and in the place of his imaginary felicity, loses his little portion of pleasure, and innocent solaces, he had from the sound sleep and little cares of his humble cottage. —JEREMY TAYLOR.

LIVE on what you have—live, if you can, on less;—do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure—the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret.

BETWEEN levity and cheerfulness there is a wide distinction; and the mind which is most open to levity, is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness. It has been remarked, that transports of intemperate mirth are often no more than flashes from the dark cloud; and that in proportion to the violence of the effulgence, is the succeeding gloom. Levity may be the forced production of folly or vice; cheerfulness is the natural offspring of wisdom and virtue only. The one is an occasional agitation; the other a permanent habit. The one degrades the character; the other is perfectly consistent with the dignity of reason, and the steady and manly spirit of religion. To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensations of pleasure, is an idea of happiness altogether chimerical. Calm and temperate enjoyment is the utmost that is allotted to man. Beyond this we struggle in vain to raise our state; and in fact, depress our joys, by endeavouring to heighten them. Instead of those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity, with which the world would allure us, religion confers upon us a cheerful tranquillity. Instead of dazzling us with meteors of joy which sparkle and expire, it sheds around us a calm and steady light, more solid, more equal, and more lasting. —BLAIR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LISBON

THE houses in the city have rather a heavy look, because, since the earthquake of 1755, the chief aim of the Portuguese in their buildings has been solidity: yet these, like every thing else in this country, have a gaudy appearance. The houses in Lisbon generally have projecting tiled roofs: the projecting part is carefully painted of a scarlet colour, and the gable-end usually has some fantastic figure. Its glaring colours often form a very pleasing contrast with the white walls. Various parts of the walls of the house are moreover invariably adorned with representations of saints, in blue or white mosaic, before which a lantern is frequently suspended, that they may be seen after dark by the devout. The saint most commonly exhibited in these situations is St. Marçal, who is supposed to possess great influence over fires. He is always portrayed in episcopal habiliments, with the mitre on his head, his right hand raised, and two fingers pointing upward, while several burning houses are seen in the background. Other favourite street-saints are St. Barbara, with a tower by way of hat upon her head, and another in her hand; and St. Sebastian, bound to a tree, as a mark for young infidels, who are amusing themselves by shooting at him with arrows. Thus, too, the flight into Egypt is a very common street-painting, and souls in purgatory are to be seen at every corner.

The house of almost every wealthy person has behind it a garden most symmetrically laid out in the French style, and profusely adorned with busts and statues. If a garden is large enough to lay claim to the appellation of a *quinta*, then it has in general a *nora* to supply it with water, when there is very little or no rain at all. These *noras* are deep wells, with a very simple piece of machinery, by which the water is raised in earthen pots, tied to cords and emptied above into a wooden trough. The wheels are set in motion by an ox, which is harnessed to a horizontal pole, and continues going round and round the well, till the garden is sufficiently watered. The *nora*, when it is turned, makes a harsh, grating noise, like all the ox-cars in the Peninsula, and this is not accidental; the Portuguese, who make so much noise themselves, are exceedingly fond of it, and dislike any vehicle which is not as noisy as they. A foreigner is particularly struck with this most discordant sound; and he conceives no very high idea of the industry of the people of Lisbon, when he learns that, in all gardens of this kind, Genoese and Maltese are engaged as gardeners, because they alone understand the art of conducting the water to the productions raised in them.

From the spacious balcony, a flight of steps, decorated with marble and porcelain vases, filled with the finest flowers, usually leads down to the garden. The balconies, the walls of the staircases, and the apartments themselves, are lined to the height of three feet with small cubic glazed stones, which are painted all over, either with arabesques, or with hounds, wild boars, hunters, and fowls with nets, or fishing scenes, in blue. Many old houses have also painted tapestries, which are now superseded in a great measure by paintings in fresco, not only for beauty, but because tapestry harbours bugs, which swarm in Lisbon to such a degree, that, when the windows are shut with any force, numbers of these insects come tumbling down out of every crevice in the wainscot.

The furniture in the palaces of the *fidalgos*, or nobles, is in general rich, but heavy. Many houses are overloaded with China vases and other articles from that country, especially long mirrors, the lower

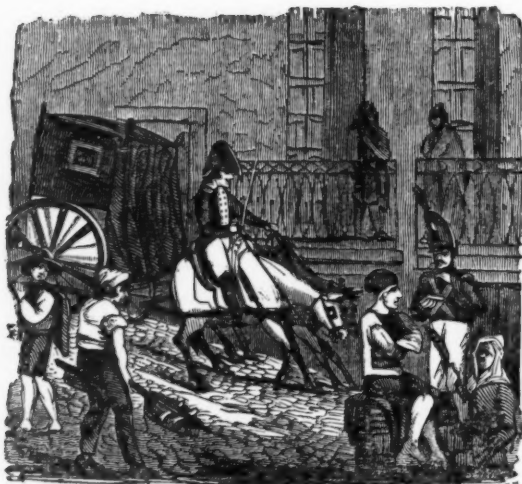
part of which is painted with curious Chinese scenery. The chairs have cushions and pillows of painted leather: the frame is made of the wood of the great chests in which the sugar is brought from America: the backs are commonly adorned with some little device, a bird, a huntsman, or a flower. A few old family portraits, or some wretched daubings of saints, crucifixes, and relics in gilt frames, are the sole decorations of the walls. Chimneys there are none, and when the weather is unusually cold, the only way you can do is to place yourself over a *brazero*, an iron pan full of red-hot coals, or ashes brought from a baker's oven. This, together with the cloak, is the only defence that is found necessary against the severest cold of which the delightful climate of Portugal is susceptible.

Before we look out from the windows of the Lisbon houses, which are always provided with balconies, upon the streets and the people in them, we will first take a survey of the domestic economy of the Portuguese. Considering the immense number of the domestic servants, frequently amounting to fifty or sixty persons, who are seen basking in the sun in the court, or loitering about the stable doors, in the hall, and in all parts of the premises, it would seem that the expense of such an establishment must be enormous. But the master himself frequently does not know one fifth of these retainers. The privilege enjoyed by a *fidalgo* renders the meanest stall beneath his roof an inviolable sanctuary, and thus his house is so abundantly supplied with servants. All his household, down to the lowest stable-boy, are included in this privilege; so that a multitude of useless, and even dangerous persons, unite themselves of their own accord to his establishment. The household, properly so called, consists of the steward, the butler, and one or two maid-servants; and these alone eat what comes from the *fidalgo's* table. Their fare is composed of beef and rice, or fowl and rice, some olives and biscuit, and melons. The rest of the attendants are supplied with bread, rice, or *feijões* (dry beans), and a small quantity of olive-oil; very few have wages in money, and, besides the persons mentioned above, only the footmen on duty, who, in a kind of livery and with a swingeing tail, stand behind the carriage and make faces at every one who gazes with surprise at their shabby appearance.

The numerous servants are the companions and playmates of the young *fidalgo*, who lies about with them in the stable, plays at skittles in the courtyard, or at *bisa* (a game with cards) on the steps, and, with whip in hand, and hat stuck on one side, learns of them to smoke cigars. They are the most dangerous instruments of his revenge upon any one against whom he may conceive an enmity.

One of the most mischievous of the privileges belonging to the nobility is that of the *aposentadoria*, that is, the right to turn any one out of his own house, and to put in another person. The same right is enjoyed to a certain degree by military officers, who can remove a citizen to other quarters, if they declare that the proximity of his house to the barracks renders it expedient to take possession of it for the public service. This is the *aposentadoria activa*, from which the *passiva* is luckily a protection; the latter may be obtained with money, and it secures to the owner the possession of his own house, and protects him from being quartered out.

It is in what relates to their equipages that the domestic economy of the Portuguese makes the most wretched figure. Not only the hackney-coaches of Lisbon, but also the carriages of the great and wealthy, are beyond description miserable.



STREET SCENE IN LISBON.

The *segé*, or hackney-coach, consists only of a body, placed on two wheels, and drawn by mules; it has certainly a leathern covering, but is quite open in front, so that even when you draw the shabby leathern curtain, you have but little protection from dust and rain. If, on the other hand, you wish to leave it open in fine weather, you are inexpressibly tormented by large flies, which, disturbed by the vehicle, rise in swarms, like clouds, from the heaps of dung left in the streets, and settle upon the passengers. In some streets, which are particularly filthy, horses and carriages are literally covered with those insects. If you have occasion for a hackney-coach, you must absolutely bespeak it the preceding day, or you will see nothing of it before noon. The only difference between the hackney-coaches and the carriages of the *fidalgos*, or gentry, is, that the harness and curtains of the latter look rather blacker: but let no one presume to touch either the one or the other, or his hands will exhibit the same appearance, which is produced merely by a mixture of vinegar and lamp-black, or common soot. The mules look well and plump in the months of February and March, because it is only just then that they get green food; during the rest of the year they are fed exclusively upon straw, as the heat of the sun scorches all the meadows by the end of April, so that very little hay, or none at all, is to be had. The cruel practice of preventing the animals from lying down to sleep in the stables, to spare the grooms the trouble of cleaning them, contributes also a good deal to their famished look. No straw is ever laid down for them; and at night the halter is tied quite short, so that they are forced to remain upon their legs. During those months when the mules have nothing but dry fodder, the mouth frequently swells to such a degree that the upper lip hangs down over the lower. In this case, incisions are made in it with knives, and often with nails, for the purpose of bleeding. I have also remarked that the leeches, which swarm in all the waters of this country, adhere more frequently to the mouths of animals in this state when they drink, than to those of the others, and thus Nature herself provides a remedy for the complaint.

[Abridged from *Sketches of Portuguese Life*.]

THERE is no word or action, but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice, and suspicion: and all things do succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself: but to misconstrue a good thing, is a treble wrong, to myself, the action, and the author.—BISHOP HALL.

ANNIVERSARIES IN SEPTEMBER.

MONDAY, 30th.

ST. JEROME, or HIERONYMUS, one of the most learned fathers of the church, expired at the great age of ninety-one years. He was the son of Eusebius, and by him carefully brought up in the Christian faith. Disgusted by the vices of the half-converted Pagans, he retired to a desert in Syria, but afterwards returned to society, and became secretary to Damasus, then Pope of Rome. Being obliged to leave that city, he took up his residence in the monastery of Bethlehem, where he employed himself in writing against the heresies of the period, and in making that translation of the Scriptures, which was afterwards called the Vulgate.

1737 Fleet Market declared a free market; it was built on arches over the course of the River Fleet, which discharges itself into the Thames at Blackfriars' Bridge.

1756 Battle of Lowositz, the first of those fought in what is called the "Seven Years' War."

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

OCTOBER, though from the age of Numa it has been the tenth month of the year, derives its name from its original position in the Alban Calendar, being compounded of *Octo*, eight, and of *imber*, a shower. It was dedicated by the Romans to Mars, and bore for a short period the name of Faustinus and Invictus, but quickly returned to its original appellation. The ancient Saxons called it *Wyn Monath*, or the Wine Month, and also *Winter Fyllyth*, from the near approach of that season.

In old pictures this month is represented by a man sowing corn; but, in more modern ones, by a man with a basket of chestnuts, and clothed in a mantle of the colour of the decaying leaf, which, at this period begins to strew the earth, and clothe it in a sad-coloured garment. The Scorpion is the sign which the sun enters on the 23rd of this month.

ANNIVERSARIES.

TUESDAY, 1st.

1554 *Queen Mary* crowned at Westminster.

1801 Preliminaries of Peace signed between England and France.

WEDNESDAY, 2nd.

1187 Jerusalem taken by Saladin, having been in the possession of the Christians for eighty-eight years: it was to recover this loss that the second crusade was undertaken.

THURSDAY, 3rd.

1691 Limerick surrendered to the troops of King William, which terminated the war in Ireland.

1812 Preliminaries of a treaty, between Great Britain and Austria, signed at Töplitz.

FRIDAY, 4th.

1704 *Alexander Selkirk*, a seaman, left by his captain on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, where he resided four years in total solitude.

1822 A very severe and awful storm of thunder and lightning was experienced over all the central and southern countries of Europe.

SUNDAY, 6th.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

1783 Peace proclaimed with America.

UNSOCIABLE humours are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding, as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better, either by flying from or quarrelling with them.—BURKE.

ONE day when Dr. Paley was walking with his friend Mr. Carlyle by the edge of the sea, at Allonby, a delightful bathing-place in Cumberland, nearly at the mouth of the Solway Frith, Dr. P. was observed by his companion to be pondering for some time in silence, as if fixed in admiration of some object. "Only look," said he, "at the goodness of God! how happy those shrimps are!"—*Life, by his Son*.

I HAVE known, and, according to my measure, have cooperated with great men; and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended, by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the persons who took the lead in the business.—BURKE.

HA! is the interjection of laughter—AH! is an interjection of sorrow. The difference betwixt them is very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning!—FULLER.

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